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APRIL

And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined

A STARTLING STORY!!

"Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress" Continued in this Number





**"Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the
best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments
an' a man can raise a thirst."**

K IPLING undoubtedly knew his "east of Suez" when he wrote "Mandalay" better than any man living, just as he knows lots of other things outside the ordinary ken; but the poverty-stricken, flea-bitten and malodorous Orient of the modern Mohammedan Turks presents many strong contrasts to the Orient of the great Abassid Caliphs, when Bagdad was the Metropolis of an Empire exceeding in extent the widest limits of Rome, and the center of a wealth, luxury and profligacy, the like of which the world has seldom seen; when the followers of the Prophet had carried the faith of Al Koran from the pillars of Hercules to the "Farthest Ind."

The first glimpse the Western world had of the wondrous life of this period was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when Galland issued the first part of the Thousand and One Nights, in a French translation from the Arabic, which at once became famous as "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Mutilated, fragmentary, paraphrastic though these tales were, the glamour of imagination, the marvelousness of the miracles and the gorgeousness of the life depicted at once secured an exceptional success. For nearly two centuries these few Oriental tales were allowed to masquerade in abridged condition in the literary world. Deprived of their beauty and originality, shorn of the very qualities which make them attractive, they were printed and reprinted until famous scholars, Mr. Payne and others, carried away by their mysterious power, resolved to give them and many others to the reading world in their original form.

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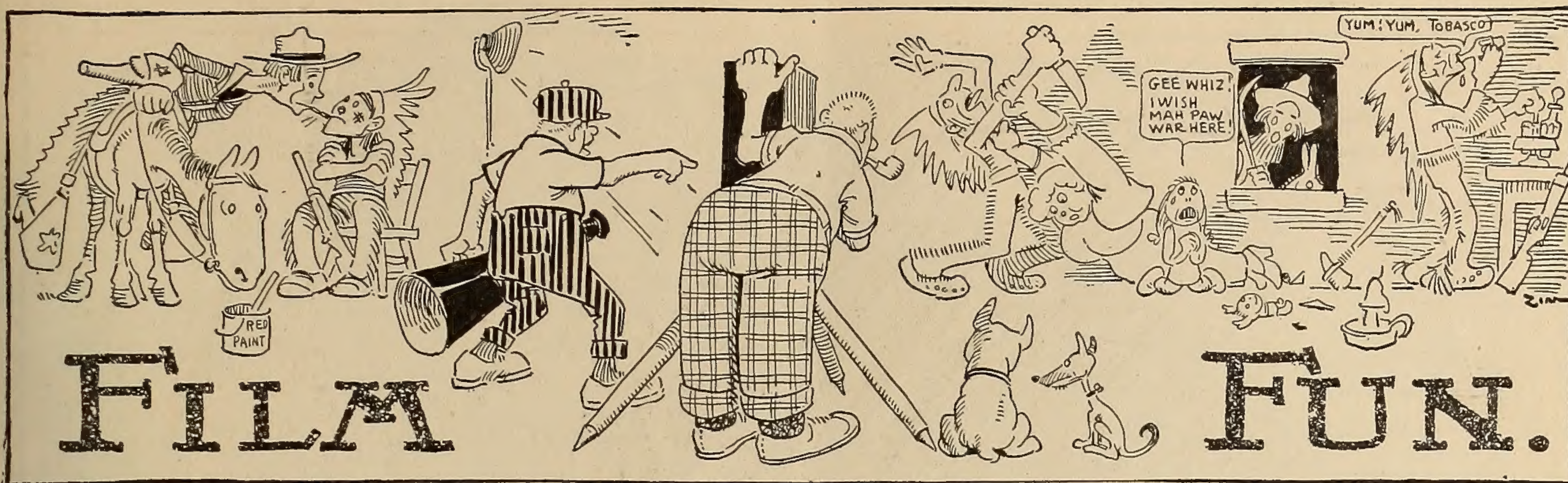
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Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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EDITORIAL

Misfits of Moving Pictures

THE NEWSPAPERS of New York City contributed glowing accounts of Miss Ethel Barrymore as a photoplay star and splendid words of praise for her work in her latest screen vehicle, "The White Raven." Why? we ask. Miss Barrymore certainly has no claim to stellar honors on the screen. It is ridiculous to be asked to take Miss Barrymore seriously in such a role as "The White Raven" offers her. When in the course of a photoplay we are supposed to tremble with fear for the moral safety of a young girl, we must be given a creature that approximates "fragile femininity" sufficiently for us to feel some concern for her moral welfare at the hands of bold, bad men. Ethel Barrymore, physically at least, was the equal, if not the superior, in point of avoirdupois and muscle, of the wicked male person who had her in his clutches, and she certainly looked capable of knocking him out should it have become necessary for her to do so to preserve her virgin soul.

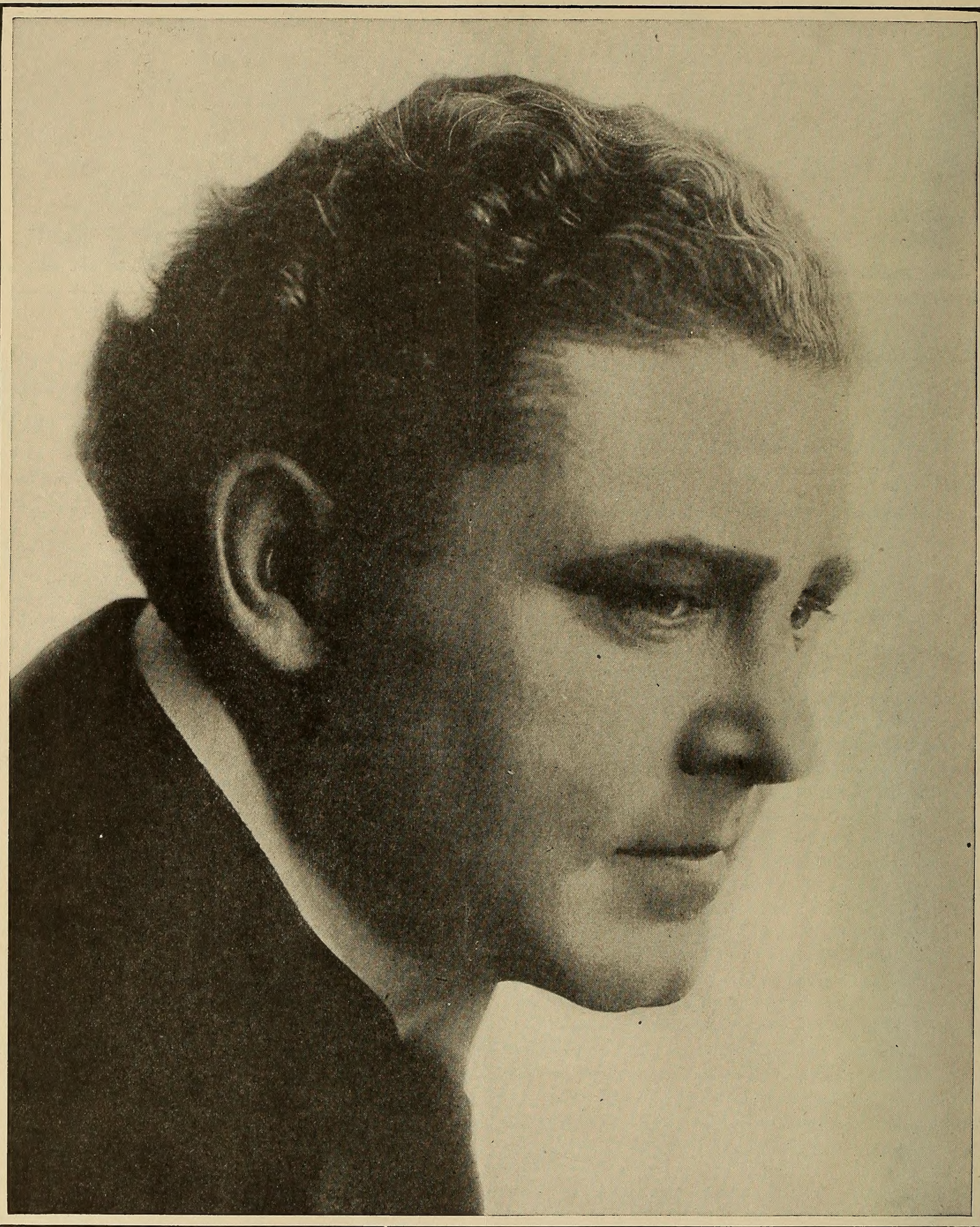
It is demanding too much of a long-suffering public that it be asked to accept "mature-looking mothers of children" as helpless "wisps of girlhood." It cannot be done. Moving picture audiences no doubt tire of the eternal ingenue skipping barefootedly over the grass or wetting her toes by the mossy brookside or peek-a-booming from behind the forest trees; but if a naughty man appears upon the scene and threatens to rob her of girlhood's priceless treasure, the situation is, to say the least, not laughable. At such times an audience, if heeded, would be heard petitioning the "makers of pictures" to give them a heroine under forty and not weighing over one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

How can an actress like Miss Barrymore, who has given us much that is of the finest on the spoken stage, whose

name for years has been associated with the best in American drama, lower her art by appearing in a role so entirely unsuited to her? Aside from screen personality, which she lacks, she has no claim to "screen beauty," and in the short dancing skirt which she wore, and her bare arms and neck, she was pitifully self-conscious of her well-developed figure.

But it is all in the day's work. If the motion picture producers will only give us all the worn-out older ladies of the stage and the younger ones who happen to be temporarily jobless, we may hope to sooner see "feature" photoplays that will be something besides so much celluloid reeled off before our weary eyes, exploiting these women from the stage, who have neither the physical attributes necessary to give a semblance of beauty nor any knowledge of the technique of screen acting. Then the capable, hard-working screen actresses, who know their business and have given it years of study and who photograph well, will sooner come into their own. Then they, too, will be given a chance to count a few of the shekels that fall so easily into the laps of the "stage" stars when they turn their gaze screenward.

If motion pictures are to be a great creative art and take the place in the world of art that is rightfully theirs, the producers must begin to cease reflecting. At the present time the motion picture gets the reflected light of the stage star, the reflected light of published stories and plays that have been produced, done over into motion picture scenarios. About the only thing the photoplay hasn't borrowed is the camera and the film. Will the time ever come when a novelist, before he can have his book published, must first have had it made into a "movie," and will a stage star come to have no value until she has made first a name on the screen?

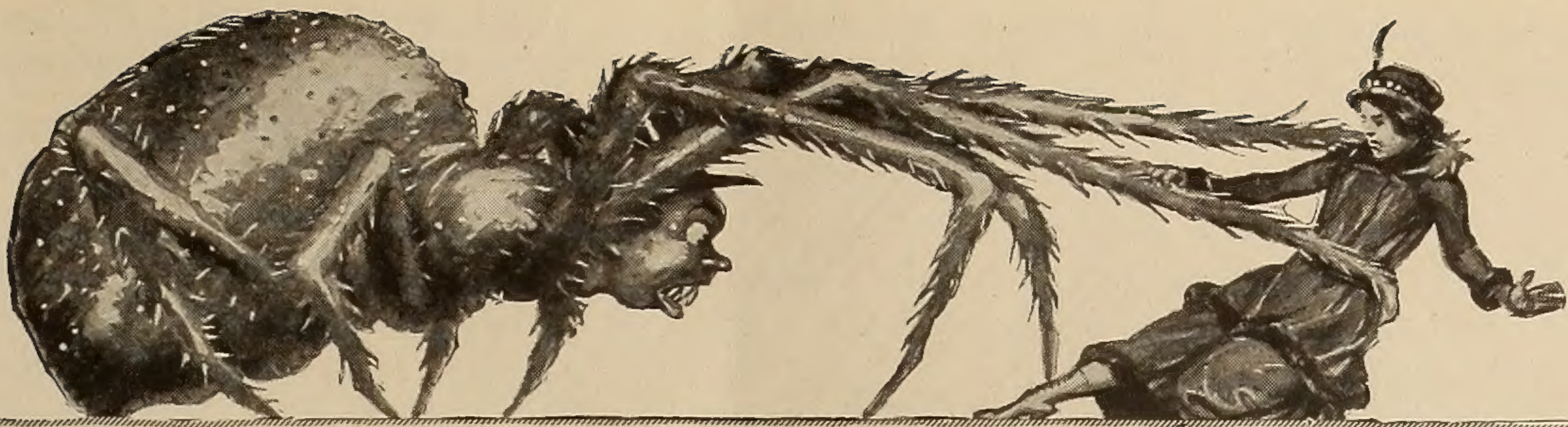


FOX

HARTSOOK PHOTO

WILLIAM FARNUM

Although we have William on our double page, we just couldn't resist giving this close-up of him, to show the beau-ti-ful dimple in his chin.



"CONFESSIONS OF A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS"

The first two installments of this remarkable story, which began in our February issue, brought us many expressions of approval of our determination to throw the limelight of publicity on conditions in the motion picture business as the author of these articles has found them. As we said before, the identity of the writer necessarily must remain a mystery. But we repeat that she was well known in the world of drama before she entered the motion picture field, and that she has been in a position to know personally of the incidents mentioned in this series. No exaggeration of the happenings in motion picture offices and studios, about which she tells so graphically, has been necessary—the facts speak for themselves. Startling as were the first chapters, the subsequent ones will be even more gripping. You cannot afford to miss one of them.

TO PLANT one's foot on the first rung of the ladder leading to motion picture fame was a far easier task six or seven years ago than it is now. It was easier, in the first place, because you came into immediate personal contact with the producing director the first time you applied at a studio for work. Now the beginner has to be previously passed upon by agents, assistants and sub-directors innumerable before gaining an audience with his kingship, the head director. In the days long gone by you made your call at the studio at 9 a. m., walked in unannounced (the doors to the working stage were not then barricaded as they are now), spotted the director, nabbed him at an opportune moment and asked sweetly but timidly, "Anything for me to-day?" The director would most often answer, "Don't know just what I am going to do as yet. You might wait and see."

And so you stayed, with no definite promise of work, but were glad to do so, for you could watch the rehearsing and "learn things" about motion picture acting. While waiting, you always picked out a niche on the studio stage where you would be within the director's line of vision, so that he could not fail to see you when he paused to look about between rehearsals. You hoped during one of the pauses that his eye would rest upon you sufficiently long for your personality to sink into his consciousness, that he would suddenly decide that the scene he was working upon needed a maid or extra guest or "walk-on" person, and so, of course, it would follow that you would be the one for him to choose to portray the interpolated part. You were constantly sending out telepathic messages along these lines to the director. Though the lips were silent, the eyes

spoke with pleading eloquence, as if to say, "Use me, oh, please use me!"

Sometimes hours of patient waiting rolled by, while the director rehearsed other actors and taking occasional scenes, before he made your heart glad by turning to you and saying, "Um, guess I could use some sort of servant here. You, young lady, make up for a maid." Like a bad penny, that "maid part" would eventually materialize, and you hoped that the part would call for an extra little piece of "business," so you would have an opportunity of showing what you really could do if only given the chance. You felt it would open the way to better and bigger things.

As I recall these incidents, I realize how innocent-minded I was, and how confident, how absolutely assured that my good work only would be the criterion for future advancement. What a wide-eyed, trusting child I was, until, quite some time later, a little light filtered into my understanding, and I realized that the way of a director, with a maid, was strange.

Many "maid" parts and other bits fell to my lot in the course of time. My associations in the studio were all very pleasant, but I wasn't getting ahead as I wanted to. One day, or rather evening, I was hurrying to my dressing-room just after having heard the director's welcome words sung through the megaphone, "You can take your 'make-ups' off. That's all for to-day." As I turned to enter the dressing-room, I caught my director's eye. He motioned that he wanted to speak to me. I went to him. He said,

"Don't be in any hurry. Linger after the others."

"All right," I answered, and I thought, "Here is where

I am promoted to play 'leads.' He wants to talk confidentially to me about it."

That night I very leisurely cleaned up and got dressed. I took no part in the usual mad rush in the dressing-room, the splashing on of much cold cream to rub off the grease paint, the hurried twisting of the hair secured by a hairpin or two, the "jumping" into one's clothes and the quick packing and locking of the make-up box.

I made up a tale of a fictitious later engagement to tell the other girls (six of us were dressing in the one room), as the reason for my deliberate dressing. I waited until nearly all had left and the atmosphere was clear, and then sauntered over to the director's desk. It was there that we received our little printed slips calling for the daily wage, which was afterward presented at the treasurer's window, where the five-dollar bill was handed in exchange for the slip.

How jealously in the past I had treasured the one little intimate moment when I could go up to the director's desk and get my slip! Sometimes he'd ask me to sit down for a moment, and, oh, then I did feel so important! And as he would give me the little piece of paper and gently press my hand in doing so, saying I had wonderful eyes for the screen, I was then and there raised to the nth degree of happiness. And often as I started to go, he'd crown my joy by saying, "I'll need you to-morrow."

But *that* night I had been asked to wait, as he had something particular to say to me. As I came to his desk, he asked me to sit down a moment. He was putting things to rights before closing shop for the day. As he pulled down the roller top of his desk, he said,

"Let's go have a bite of supper. You don't have to report at home, do you?"

"No," I answered. "My home is far from here. I board."

"Ah! So much the better."

We ate at a quiet little place. The talk was mostly "pictures" and studio small talk. He paid me some pretty compliments. He was a romantic sort—at least, on this outing he was. He quoted Swinburne. I still remember a line or two, although I have never worshiped at the shrine of the fair Algernon. I think I can recall a verse offhand well enough to quote:

"To hunt sweet Love and miss him,
Between the bud and blossom,
Between white arm and bosom,
Between your throat and chin.
To say of Love, what is it?
Of Virtue, we can miss it.
Of Sin, we can but kiss it,
And it is no longer Sin."

This was a new philosophy to me—a bit tempting, I must confess. Had I been a more sentimental young miss, I might have found myself falling a bit in love with my poetically inclined director. As the dinner progressed and the black coffee arrived, he said,

"Some night, when we finish early, I'll get a car, and we'll take Miss —— and G——" (naming one of the "regulars" among the men) "and have a joy ride and a shore dinner somewhere."

"That would be fine! I'd just love that!" I replied, perfectly assured as to the propriety of the affair when there were to be four of us. The eventful evening arrived. The quartet was on hand, and we motored to one of the near-by beaches. On the way there I sat in the back seat with the director, while the other girl and young man sat on the two small seats in front.

Although it was summer, a light rug felt comfortable over our laps; but I shortly discovered that the rug was used for other reasons than warmth. I soon felt Mr. Director's arm about my waist. I unfolded it, but it immediately returned, and after a dozen unsuccessful attempts to make him keep his arm where it belonged, and feeling unable to object aloud owing to the presence of others, I finally let it stay. Then he patted my cheek and caressed my leg from knee to ankle, saying how beautifully slender it was, and that I was far too clever and good-looking to stay on the "straight and narrow path," for it would profit me nothing. All this in undertones, but our companions, evidently aware of the passionate love making taking place on the rear seat, began to sing like true good fellows, which lessened a bit my discomfiture. Getting braver, my director began to kiss me and tried to draw me up into his lap.

He tried, but not more than twice. I felt my muscles stiffen like steel, and I don't think it would have been any effort for me to have lifted him bodily out of the car and dropped him in the roadway as we speeded along the boulevard.

Soon we arrived at the beach. We had a splendid dinner, which I couldn't but would so have liked to enjoy, for such tempting delicacies did not often come my way. Shortly afterward we started back for New York. On the return trip we changed places in the car, the other girl sitting in the back seat with the director. After we were well on our way, I foolishly and thoughtlessly happened to turn to say something to Miss ——, and there she was cuddled up in Mr. Director's lap, both of them oblivious not only to our presence, but to all the world.

I was not asked on any more joy rides, but I overheard others in the studio talking about parties, etc. I pegged along at that studio a year, doing small "parts." The director was always pleasant to me, but only on rare occasions, when a role was so peculiarly suited to my temperament that I could play it better than anyone else, did I get a big part, such as the other girl of that first motor party was now always cast for. Occasionally, when a crowd was asked to luncheon, I was asked to join. I think I amused the director a bit. He seemed to like to talk to me. In his heart he probably admired my rebuttal, but as for advancing me in my work, no, that he would not do.

The "cuddly" little girl of the joy rides is now a big movie star, and while she has beauty and ability, I can repeat in all truthfulness what others say, and that is that she would not be where she is to-day had she relied solely on her beauty and ability. All this took place some years ago, but conditions in motion picture studios have not changed with the years. To relate a recent experience of mine will show how similar they still are.

Not very long ago I was chosen as one of a company to



“I felt my muscles stiffen like steel when the director tried to draw me into his lap and I don’t think it would have been any effort for me to have lifted him bodily out of the car.”

go to the mountains on a picture that required "exterior" settings. I was tickled foolish by the thought of getting out of hot, humid New York for two or three weeks in August, to smell the fragrant pine instead of the gasoline on Broadway, perhaps to get a swim after work hours in the fresh-water mountain lake near the place where we were going, to rest my eyes on fresh green grass and sweet field flowers, to forget the close, smelly Subway and the noisy "Elevated," and to see the stars twinkling in the heavens at night instead of Broadway's cheap and garish electric light display. So to the country I went. It was such a pretty place! I loved it, and I felt I was going to be so happy here for a little time. It proved to be for a very little time.

The inn where we stopped was an old-fashioned, simple place, and there were only a few guests besides ourselves. The hotel was three stories high, and our rooms were all on the same floor. We weren't more than eleven or twelve in the company, and there was only one girl besides myself. Things went along very nicely for a few days. All of us were busy getting started, fixing our costumes, etc. After work hours, for the first few days, the director and camera man would be out finding locations for the next day's scenes, so as not to waste valuable sunlight.

We used a pretty Colonial farmhouse in some scenes of this picture in which I worked. The people who lived in this farmhouse were very charming, hospitable folk and invited us (that is, the director, one of the actors and myself) to come over for some music after dinner. We motored out there that evening. It was about a six-mile ride, and we spent a very pleasant few hours. Coming home in the motor car, I sat in the back seat with the director. He had asked me to. The one other member of the party and the chauffeur were in the front seat. (The automobile, as you see, plays its part in the affairs of motion picture companies.) As we rode along, the director, whom I shall call Mr. Z——, put his arm around me, saying as he did so,

"Tired?"

"Yes," I answered. "I am a bit tired." We had had a long, hard day. A six-o'clock call had given us an early start. I think I was photographed in nearly every foot of the two thousand feet of film that had been exposed that day.

Mr. Z—— next gently placed my head on his shoulder. I let it stay there. I knew we would be back to the hotel very shortly, and I didn't feel like offering remonstrances or being righteously indignant. The affections alone do not always influence the "female of the species" to incline her fair head upon a man's strong, broad shoulder. Fatigue and weariness have often been influential factors.

We rode along in silence. After a few moments my companion spoke again.

"You don't get a bit of fun out of life. What are you afraid of? You're always so reserved."

"I'm not so reserved," I answered. "I'm just myself. Can't help how I'm made."

Mr. Z——: "Even if you cared for a fellow, you'd think it sinful to give yourself a 'thrill,' wouldn't you, now? Ever have a thrill?"

The bluntness and coarseness of his remarks hit me between the eyes. I felt my blood run cold, but I answered calmly, as if I hadn't been shocked in the least,

"I don't think it necessary to have an 'affair' with every man or any man I work with, if that is what you are driving at."

Mr. Z—— (calm as ever): "No, I don't mean that; but why don't you unbend a bit—get a little fun out of life—live? You'd be a better actress. Look at Bernhardt. She didn't deny herself 'love.'"

I wondered if any of these men I had come in contact with around the different studios had any conception what the word "love" meant. I had heard it so completely and horribly desecrated.

"But," I replied, "I am not Bernhardt."

Mr. Z——: "Don't you want to become a great actress? Don't you want to be famous? What are you in this business for, anyhow? How did it ever happen?"

"I am the most ambitious woman you probably know. My work is my whole life, and I'll never be quite happy unless I achieve my ambition."

We were getting to our hotel. There was a long stretch of beautiful maple trees leading to the inn, and as we turned a curve in the road, the searchlights from our car lit up the trees, so lovely in their sweet, fresh greenness. The moon was almost full and shining softly on the lake some miles distant. It made me feel so sick at heart, and so lonely—so unutterably, miserably lonely! I felt the strong human instinct of wanting to share with some sympathetic soul this beautiful night world on which my eyes were resting. My companion didn't even know it existed. As I had schooled myself to dismiss immediately unpleasant happenings, the effect of his vulgar, sordid remarks soon left me, and I reveled in the glory all about me.

But in another moment I was back on earth, roused out of my dream by a voice that fell discordantly on my ears, saying,

"May I come in and say 'good-night' to you?"

"Come in and say 'good-night' to me," I thought to myself.

Did he mean to ask if he might come to my room at this late hour? Oh, I well knew what he meant to imply! Why try to deceive myself? I was to be given the acid test as to whether I still coveted my virtue, was a poseur as far as my moral life was concerned, or had tasted man's liberty in these matters and forgotten the old copy book rule that "virtue is its own reward."

I answered, "Why, surely you can say 'good-night' to me," but I didn't say, "You can come in and say 'good-night' to me."

Mr. Z——'s room was on the same floor and on the same side of the hall as mine was. He came with me to my door. I started to unlock it, but the key stuck; so Mr. Z—— unlocked the door for me, entered my room and turned on the light.

I said, "Good-night." He said nothing. He didn't even try to kiss me. I was rather surprised at that. He just smiled and left. Saying nothing left me in doubt as to what his plan might be. I thought, "Now what? Is he

coming back later?" Must I sit up and await developments? Stay awake to anticipate his rap, so that I could answer sotto voice that I was retiring and could not see him? Why sit up? He surely didn't expect to come to my room at midnight, particularly as he must have been very much in doubt as to whether he would be welcome or not.

I got ready for bed. No one came. Finally I fell asleep. Whether Mr. Z—— returned later and rapped at my door, I never knew. But I did know, by the events of the following days, that I had not played the game as he wanted me to. My brief popularity waned and soon was no more. And as it departed, in like proportion, the light of favor fell upon the other young girl in the company. The encouraging words I had received for my work turned to unfavorable criticism, until finally I became so nervous at the continual fault finding that I grew self-conscious. Under the circumstances no one's work could have been good.

I had always "screened" well and took great pains with my "make-up." I'd often start a half hour before the others, shadowing out, with a gray grease paint, parts of my face that were a trifle full, thus getting a perfect contour. I had studied my eyes, experimenting with a dozen different "make-ups" on them, in order to get them soft and expressive. Every director I had ever worked for told me I "made up" wonderfully. But no more with this company was my "make-up" good. Every little trick of the art I had mastered that before brought me praise now brought forth such remarks from Mr. Z——: "Why do you put 'gray' under your nose?"

"I've always done it. It shortens my nose. You've always liked it before."

"Well, don't do it any more. It looks awful!"

So everything was wrong. I played no more "close-ups." Instead of being a large figure in the foreground of the picture, I now shrunk as I retreated further and further back. The other young lady now came forward. I gradually diminished in size, until finally I disappeared out of the picture altogether. The little miss did her part also in "queering" me with the director. The continued criticisms I was the recipient of seemed to have the subtle handiwork of the gentler sex somewhere concealed behind them.

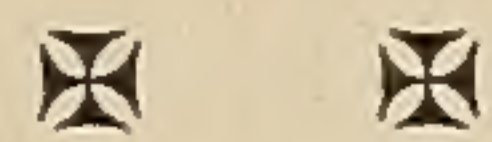
Finally, one evening, I was abruptly told I was "through" in the picture. I wasn't told that I should leave for New York before the rest of the company did, but I took my cue, and with my face wreathed in smiles, as if I was dying to get there, I answered, "Oh, then I can go back to New York to-morrow!" So I came back to hot New York the next day, alone, to hunt another job. Forever and forever hunting a job, getting one, doing my bit as well as I knew how, and losing the job because I wasn't "game." Always another beginning to be made, with the never-failing though desperate hope that this time it would be different.

The first thing I did when I got back to the city was to call on the agent through whom I had secured the engagement. How horribly shocked I was when he showed me a telegram from Mr. Z——, saying that I had fallen down miserably in my work, and that I had been absolutely hope-

less in the part! I couldn't keep back the tears, and I explained, in part, as best I could, how unfairly I had been treated.

I went home with a heavy heart that night. My discouragement had reached the point where I began to wonder what was the good of it all, anyway, and that night I concluded "the game was not worth the candle."

(To be continued.)



A Close-up

The scene showed the interior of a bedroom. A man was just getting into a folding bed, when it closed up on him.

A girl, turning to her escort, remarked, "What kind of a scene do you call that?"

"Why," he replied, "that is known as a close-up view."



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

CONSTANCE TALMADGE.

A new and a very bright star, who has come to shine in Film's firmament. Few girls not yet eighteen can boast of having reached the top rung of the ladder of success in one profession, but little Miss Talmadge might have done so in two. For as far back as she can remember, Constance has been what she herself calls a "water rat." No mystery to her are the "trudgeon crawl" and the "jackknife flip"—she's on the friendliest terms with 'em, every one. And for a long time it was an almost even draw whether she would go in for honors as a swimmer or as a screen actress. Fortunately for us, she chose the latter—and here she is.



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

MARY MILES MINTER

Who, as soon as she had finished work on "The Gentle Intruder," locked up the little screen star and emerged the little girl, with just a few days to do what she wanted. And how hard it was to decide which of the many things she wanted to do first!— which accounts for this very thoughtful expression with which we found her.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

It isn't true that nobody loves a fat man, for Ruth Elliott (Doris Kenyon) had no sooner looked at jolly Bob Blake (Frank McIntyre) than she fell plum in love with him, in "The Traveling Salesman."

Three Fingers Up

I don't know how it is with you, but I believe that some of these scientist fellers are not so impractical as a good many people think. Now, wait awhile; don't argue. Wait till I tell you. One of them mussed up some newspaper space with the declaration: "Every man has an occasional impulse to commit crime." Now, I'll admit that that sounds like a lot of their deep stuff—a bit woozy, eh, old file? Score one for you. But wait till I get the old bean going—40-11 centimeter!

The other night I crawled into an aisle seat in my favorite coop, intending to rest my hands and face while absorbing some mute manifestations of virile life (I heard a guy say that). Well, what's wrong with an innocent intention like that? I leave it to you. Entirely forgivable is right, Gert. Well, sir, just as I got comfortably cramped, with the toe of my cordovan neatly tucked in the little opening at the lower corner of the seat ahead, and was sobbingly sympathizing with poor Aaron, It came in. Now, get all excited. This is the funny part. But don't make too much noise, or we'll all be thrown out. You see, I'm sitting in the chair, all calm and everything. And this feller comes in—all fair? Yup! Shoo-hoot!

He was quite mellow, if you know what I mean. As it was raining, he wore a raincoat—though he seemed not to mind being wet inside. And while waiting for me to rise and bow him into the seat at port, he removed the garment, presenting the sleeve to me in the conk. Good-evening!

It was very wet. Oh, decided-

ly! Of course I objected vigorously (if mentally), and whispered into my hat that this egg was not only a consummate ass, but a drunken one as well.

You know I said I had my toe tucked in the seat in front, remember? Well, that toe was the bone of contention, as you might say if you are as clever as I am at dodging. To save me, I couldn't release it. So I had to stand on one leg, with the other in the air, half bent, the while I wrestled with the toe. But no action absolutely.

Well, he thought the way was clear and started in. Now, I admit frankly that I have never been blessed—or cursed, have it your own way, I'm a quiet guy—with what you might call corn-fed lower knees. In fact, as far as their elasticity is considered, they're all but metallic. The poor coot was torpedoed amidships, as the bos'n said, and he foundered badly right then and there. He rested with half of his anatomy on one side of my knee and half on the other side—50-50. And he yelled blue murder. My dear, you should have seen it!

Everybody turned around and stared and said, "Tck! tck!" They probably thought I was going to spank him. And the usher came down and said, "Here, here! Watsamatta, watsamatta?" And I got all red and everything. Well, we got settled after a while. He sobbed himself to sleep. But the whole show was curdled for me. I tried to get that little doofingle off the mechanical candy box, to stick down the man's throat or into his eye, and couldn't. But I certainly felt that impulse to commit crime, right there on the spot, ybetcha! Do you think that's funny? I don't, eyether. So long!



FAMOUS PLAYERS

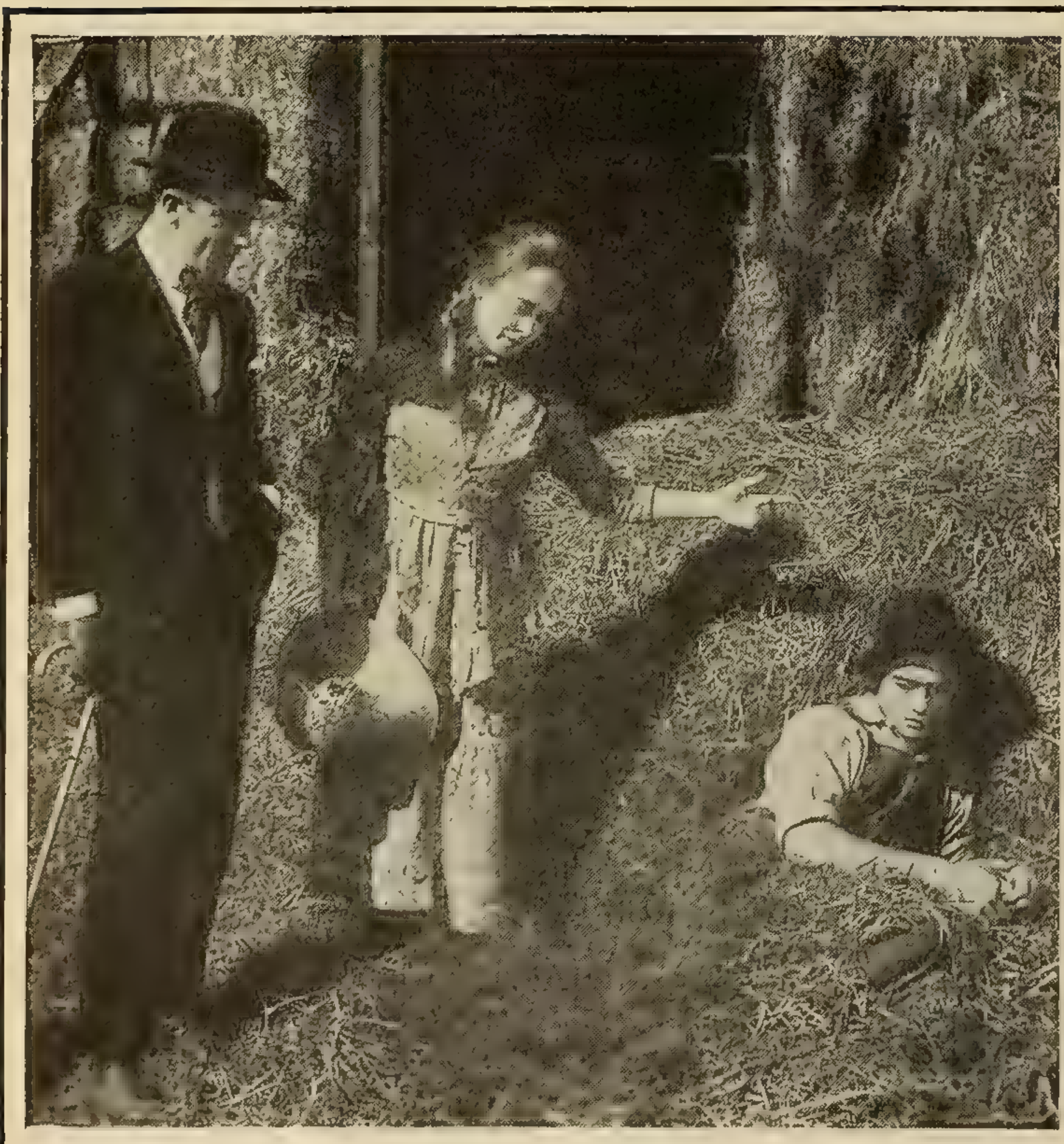
Frank McIntyre again—at peace with the world.

Truly Rural



BALBOA

Margaret Landis is a firm believer in neutrality, and so, while she puts the biscuits within reach of Edward Peters, she turns the batteries of her most fetching smile full upon R. Henry Gray. Never having sampled Margaret's cooking, and being rather peacefully inclined ourselves, we hesitate to say which one has the better of the bargain—though we'd like to be in R. Henry's boots for a while.



BALBOA

Cullen Landis, in love with Jackie Saunders in "Jane," is jealous of Frank Mayo, the "city dude."



BALBOA

But poor Cullen is not alone in his sulks—and the donkey looked so gentle, too.



AMERICAN MUTUAL

William Russell tells studio youngsters just how he uses his sword in "My Fighting Gentleman."

Some Day

By LOIS ZELLNER

'Member when you and I were kids?

And it got too dark to play,
We'd sit on the steps and talk a lot—
You and I and Tom and Dot—

'Bout what we were going to be some day?

You said you would be a pirate bold
And sail on the bounding seas,
Wear a big black mask and a sword of steel,
And turned-in boots with a golden heel
And live a life of ease.

And Dot and I were to go to war
Where the cruel bullets sting,
To nurse the soldiers back to life,
And after the end of the bloody strife
To be the bride of a handsome king.

And Tom was to be an engineer
On the fast Nine-Ninety-Nine,
To blow the whistle and ring the bell,
And streak through the town with a screech and a yell
The Hero of the line.

Nowadays when the youngsters chat
Of the future that they plan,
You'll hear them say, with the greatest glee,
"WHEN I GROW UP I'M GONNA BE—
A MOVIN' PICHHER MAN!"



Styles in Plain and Fancy Bare-back Dressing



BALBOA

HOOVER ART CO.

To be sure, it isn't at all polite of Ruth Roland to turn her back on us like this; but when one has Ruth's kind of back to turn, why care a fig for politeness? "What a foolish way to dress in midwinter!" you say? What about that new straw hat you've set your heart on getting—that one in Madame ——'s window, you know? Anyway, the necklace keeps her warm.



INTERNATIONAL

BRADLEY STUDIOS

"Evening gowns may be worn very decollete this season, but under no circumstances must a strictly modest girl permit her ears to remain exposed," announced Dame Fashion emphatically. So Dorothy Green, ever keeping pace with that exacting lady, hurriedly rolled her lovely hair into two knots and lengthened the straps over her shoulders. "That's too easy! Next!" dared she.



BALBOA

"Mercy, Mary Sunshine, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Go right home and put some clothes on! What will our readers say?" But Baby Mary just glanced at the rest of the girls on this page and went right back to her study of the pretty rose she held in her hand. "Ashamed? Of what?" she smiled; and we had to leave her here. For to look like this little star is surely not a cause for shame.



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

WITZEL

"Why pretend?" said Mary MacIvor, and she went and had her picture taken just like this. "A-ha, I'll get you yet!" snarled Old Man Grippe; but she refused to let it worry her.



INTERNATIONAL

Not to be outdone, Mineta Tamayo grabbed a lace curtain, but not *quite* having the courage of her convictions, she couldn't resist letting down her raven tresses as a sort of shield.



ARTOCRAFT

If a woman is really only as old as she looks and a man as old as he feels, Mary Pickford and Maurice Tourneur ought to be out on the street, somewhere, playing hop-sotch. For though the camera man was patiently waiting to begin filming Mary's newest picture, "A Poor Little Rich Girl," Director Tourneur just couldn't help holding up the proceedings until he had squeezed the doll's tummy to make it say "Ma-ma."



FOX

What a perfectly wonderful man J. G. Tarver would be to play "London Bridge" with! Jim Marcus, Fox veteran, takes off his hat to him; R. A. Walsh, who staged "The Honor System," has to look at him through smoked glasses, and even big "Bill" Farnum gasps in amazement as he looks at Tarver's seven feet five inches of manhood.



Tillie Wakes Up



WORLD

At No. 003 Finddet Avenue lives Tillie Tinklepaw, who, the knowing neighbors say, is shamefully neglected by her husband Henry. Directly above Henry and Tillie, on the fourth floor front, reside Mr. Pipkins and his wife Luella. Here the husband has become merely the "henpecked meal ticket" for Luella, whose various women's clubs and societies call her often from the fire-side and interest her much more than does her



husband's welfare. But the worm turns at last, and one evening, when Luella has nagged even more than usual at her meek little husband, Mr. Pipkins, unable to stand it any longer, sets out to see what chance has to offer. Henry, too, has been very "crool" that evening, and at the floor below Mr. Pipkins finds Tillie with the same idea in mind. So what could be more natural than for the two to join forces and start out together to paint the town red?



WORLD

Forgetting that they are too old to "hitch behind," the runaways climb into an ice wagon and freeze to the ice so hard that they have to be cut away.

WORLD

Their pursuit of pleasure leads them direct to that haven of all true pleasure seekers in the summertime—Coney Island. Here Tillie and Mr. Pipkins visit the bearded lady, see everything there is to be seen, fill themselves full of peanuts and pink lemonade, and finish up by sliding down into one of those bowls that go round and round and make one's insides feel for all the world like scrambled eggs—though, to be sure, anything that can make one feel "eggy" in these days of high living has its advantages.



WORLD

And when Henry and Luella find them trying to use a photographer's automobile as an ocean liner, all is forgiven and forgotten.



EDUCATIONAL, INDUSTRIAL, AND SCIENTIFIC

WHITE PHOTO

BETTY DODSWORTH

As Cora in "Trooper 44," the five-reeler in which the State Police Troop A, of Pennsylvania, played a prominent part.



WORLD

"It's a long, long way to dear old Broadway," sighs Doris Kenyon. "Wonder what's happening there now."

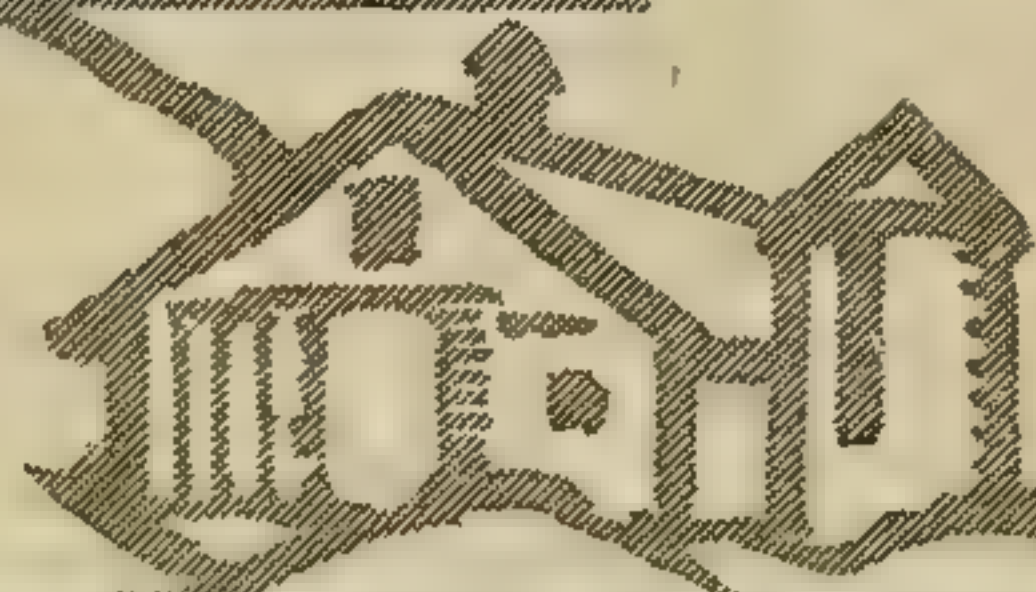


KALEM

It's a great life if you don't weaken, and Marin Sais has no intention of weakening.

BALBOA

"I see by this book," says Jackie Saunders to Cullen Landis, "that every good farmhand should know how to milk cows and take in the hay. Dear, dear, what *will* they make us do next?"



WORLD

Even on a farm a girl can't be too careful, so Alice Brady clasps Peter Rabbit tight in her arms and smilingly waits for Mr. Third Party to come along.



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

Years ago a man married a delicate, shrinking violet sort of person, to take care of her; but nowadays—well, here's Margaret Thompson to speak for herself.

FOX

"Your hand, me ing radiantly at out a lily-white queenly air, sh from her ney

E FARM



FOX

Look well at the background, and then take three guesses at what William Farnum is waiting for. What's that? A chicken? You guessed it the first time.



SELIG

"So the prince came and rescued the beautiful princess, and they all lived happy ever after," finished Vivian Reed, and the baby laughed, and Vivian smiled her million-dollar smile, and even the dog did his best to hide the fact that he was being choked half to death.



Collins, smiling and stretching with a right peacefully down Oxmobile.



BALBOA

"M-m-m-m, just like mother used to make!" said Margaret Landis. And we took her word for it.



SELIG

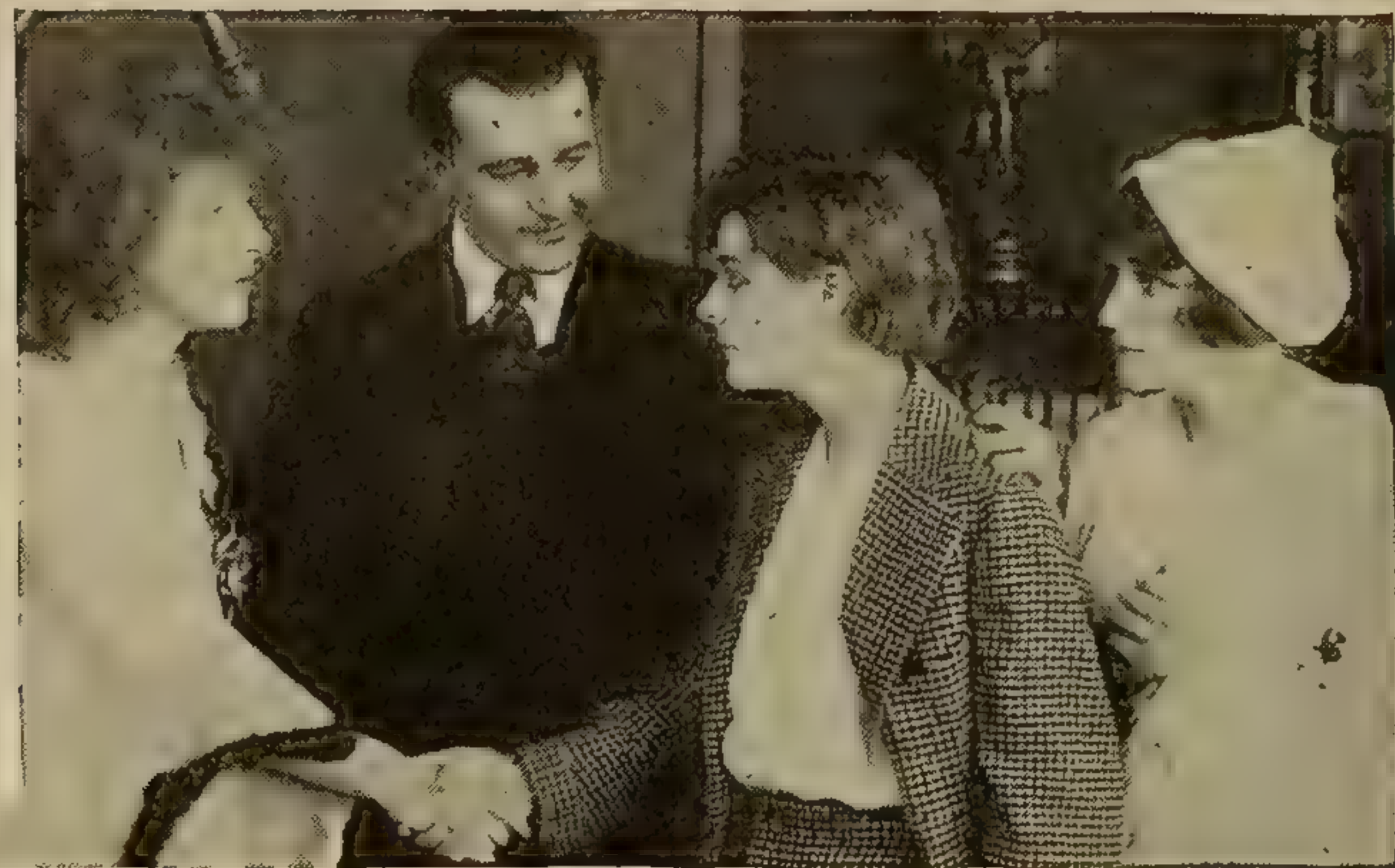
Two laps with but a single dog— Remember the days when the old schoolhouse had shut down for the summer, and there was nothing to do but fish all morning and fool through the long, lazy afternoon? Ah, but those were the days!

"The Little Brother"



TRIANGLE-INCE

Jerry finds out that a girl "newsie" hasn't much of a show and decides that she can sell more papers if she adopts trousers.



TRIANGLE-INCE

Jerry, after a street fight, is paroled by the Children's Court in charge of a "big brother."

HAVING made her initial bow to the public as the blind girl in "Princess of the Dark,"

Miss Enid Bennett has donned the garb of masculinity, and for her second appearance on the screen portrays the role of a boy in "The Little Brother," a scenario from the pen of Lois Zellner.

The story centers around Jerry Ross, bright, lovable daughter of the East Side, who "little mothers" her uncle, Dan Burke, and his two sons, and watches over half the little waifs of the tenement district. By selling papers she earns enough pennies to support her charitable enterprises, and discovering that a boy has a much better chance at that sort of thing than a girl, she sallies forth in trousers. On the corner she gets mixed up in a "free-for-all" with the other "newsies," a window is broken, and Jerry is hauled up before the magistrate in the Children's Court.

Here she is paroled in charge of a "Big Brother," Frank Girard, who takes Jerry to his country home and proceeds to make a man of her. Girard is an expert in mineralogy and is engaged in a series of experiments for extracting opals from their rock by a chemical process. When he is called to Mexico to take up his work there, Jerry goes to a co-educational college. There her secret

leaks out, and she is transferred to the girls' side of the institution, and, later, wins the highest honors in work in special branches of mineralogy.

She then goes out to join Girard, whose work, held up by successive failures, has brought him to the verge of ruin, explains that she is not a little brother, but a little sister, sets to work to help him out, foils a burglar, finds the long-lost formula for extracting the opal from the matrix and enters into a life partnership with the Big Brother.

Miss Bennett, as Jerry, gives one of the most charming performances we have seen in a long time, and proves, in the fight scene, that there are some girls who *can* use their fists. The staging and the settings of the whole picture are excellent. In "The Little Brother" Mrs. Zellner has again struck the human note, and, what is more important, that most elusive of things, a "different" note. "The Little Brother" is "a photoplay that is different"—which, in our opinion, puts it in Class A.



TRIANGLE-INCE

Jerry assumes her rightful attire and guards "Big Brother's" laboratory secrets when a rival seeks to obtain them.



TRIANGLE-INCE

Jerry foils the attempt of a crook to rob her benefactor and forces him to give up the spoils.



VOGUE-MUTUAL

Rena Rogers and Arthur Moon, in "A Mix-up in Photos." She seems pleased, anyway.

Just Half a Dozen Screen Weddings



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Douglas Fairbanks always smiles, even when he was being married in "The Americano."



FALSTAFF-MUTUAL

Thank goodness, here's somebody smiling at a wedding. It is Frances Keys and Jay Yorke.



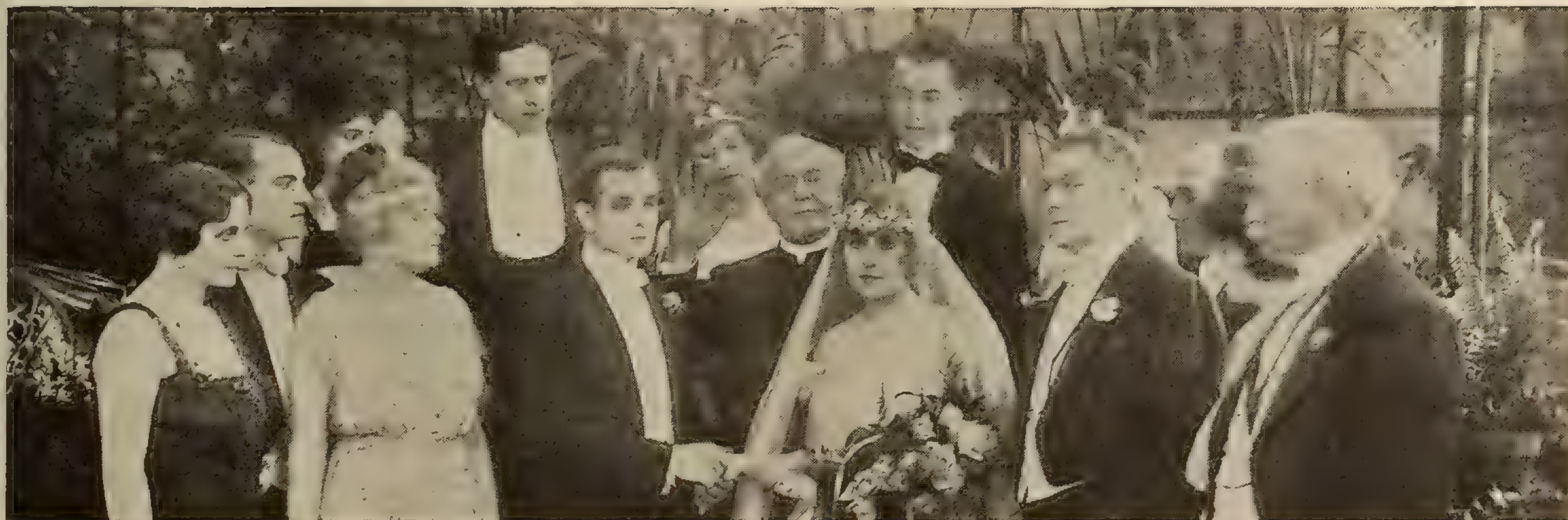
VITAGRAPH

My! but E. H. Sothorn does look romantic when he is being married on the screen to Peggy Hyland.



RIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Juanita Hansen lures William Armstrong on the rocks of domestic wreckage in "Black Eyes and Blue." Nobody seems to be happy over it.



PATHE

Not a smile in this crowd. What's the matter? Isn't anybody going to wish Pearl White a happy married life, even in "The Iron Claw"?

Have You Seen These?



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

The water isn't a bit deep, and if Mary Miles Minter were alone, she could step right over with no trouble at all; but—well, with a chance like this in "Environment," and George Fisher waiting on the other side—we girls understand!



VOGUE-MUTUAL

Ben Turpin and Paddy McGuire in a scene from "Jealous Jolts." Paddy is a good worker and has no difficulty in burying Ben—all but the feet.



FOX

'Member those old tintypes your ma looks at and says, "My, I was a popular girl"? Here are Stuart Holmes and June Day in "Twenty Years Ago."

Young America



KALEM

"Dear, dear, now, youngsters, buck up! Are you forgetting that little girls are supposed to be made of sugar and spice and everything nice—not of salt-water tears?" But Marin Sais just laughs and says that they're not cry babies at all, and that they're only pretending. Marin has adopted these two little girls and is bringing them up as her own. She calls them her "umbrella twins," because they will cry any time she tells them to—well, yes, and a few times when she does not.



FOX

With pictures of nice, juicy bones playing tag with each other in his mind, Fuzzy, being a wise young dog, thinks it advisable to obey his master's voice.



ARTCRAFT

After watching Douglas Fairbanks climbing trees and doing a few more stunts, the monkey recognizes him as an equal and condescends to shake hands with his friends.



FOX

No, this isn't a youthful romance we've interrupted—it's just Jane and Katherine Lee trying to prove what loving sisters they are.



JOKER

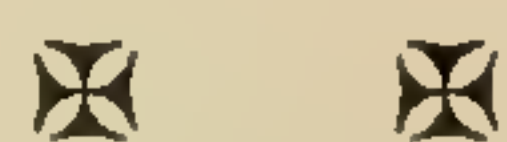
Gale Henry, as the hired girl in "Out for the Dough," takes the shortest and best route to the heart of "Wandering" Webster (William Franey), Knight of the Road.

Illusionment

THERE'S a joy in my breast that is warm as the sun and as deep as the fathomless sea. Through the glad heart o' me does a song ever run—she looked from the screen at me! All the world seemed a heaven where happiness glows, and the fairest of angels was she; all the earth was a garden, and she was a rose—she looked from the screen at me!

So my heart makes a melody out of her eyes, and the lilt of it's joyous and free, as the birds make a melody out of the skies—she looked from the screen at me! Though a critic may say, with a technical sneer, that she looked in the cam'ra, you see—still my heart tells me diff'rent, and memory's dear—she looked from the screen at me!

—Harry J. Smalley.

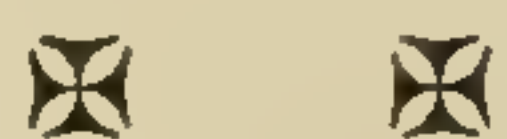


A Storm Due

A domestic drama was being reeled off. A woman was standing in front of her home, waiting for her husband and registering temper.

"She certainly has a cloud on her face," said Henn.

"Yes," replied Peck; "and it hasn't a silver lining, either."



The Better Half

Camera man—That screen star says he is wedded to his art.

Extra girl—Yes; but the trouble is that he thinks he is the better half.

Movie Mottoes

IT DOESN'T take many feet of some pictures to make one reel.

Yes, Edna, the movie films run just as fast in Philadelphia as elsewhere.

A clean play sometimes seems dirty to a patron whose mind needs censoring.

A great many more people pose for the movie cameras than are photographed by them.

It is bad luck (for everybody around you) to eat onions or garlic just before going to the movies.

Some of the people whose pictures in motion you see are a great deal better than you think them, and some are worse.

If we knew any people who did the things our children watch in the movies, we wouldn't let our children go near those people.

A great many people believe that all who fail in the speakies go to work for the movies. But this is not true. There aren't that many actors in the movie business. Many of those who fail in the speakies stay right on in them. We have seen them lately.

A great many people wonder how Doug Fairbanks can stand it to play his parts in the movies, and what exercise he takes to enable him to do so. It is only by playing so vigorously in the movies that Doug keeps strong enough to stand the exercise he takes.

—Strickland Gillilan.



AMERICAN MUTUAL

"How dry I am!" sighs Francelia Billington, snatching a bit of refreshment—purely of the variety known as "soft"—between scenes of "My Fighting Gentleman."

Mrs. Garrigan Lays Down the Law

By JAMES G. GABELLE

"I WINT in to see Alaska Sorehat's new play lasht night," said Mrs. Garrigan, as they waited in front of Semans's barber shop, where their respective lords and almost-masters were getting their weekly shaves.



"Did ye?" asked Mrs. Grogan interestedly, as her husband took a seat in a vacated chair. "An' what did it consist of?"

"Twinty-five new dresses, sivinteen new hats an' two different ways av dressin' the hair."

"My! but she is lucky!" Mrs. Grogan commented enviously.

"She shure is lucky," Mrs. Garrigan agreed. "She always dresses in the heighth av style, an' yit has niver wanst been arristed for it."

"What else have ye seen?"

"Well, I seen Theedy Bury in 'The Flaxen.' 'Twas a moveless movin' pitcher. I misdoubt whether the operator turned the crank at all or not. 'Twould have been nothin' without Theedy. Ye see, Elsie Drummond has both eyes out for the main chance an' a heart that bates for herself alone. She's dyin' av ongwee"—

"Hivens!"

"Ye don't understand, Mrs. Grogan. Ongwee is a disase that ye have whin there's nothin' the matther wid ye. Well, so Elsie's father not only looks upon the wine when it's red, but tastes it arly an' often," Mrs. Garrigan went on. "Elsie's sister Helen is about to marry Martin Stevens, but her brother—who is small for his size an' very fond av farmin', his wild-oats crop bein' wan av the biggest on record—has taken a couple av eye-openers that marnin', so he can see a few things himself, an' hints that if Helen marries, Elsie will have to stay at home an' nurse her father whin the house is dicorated wid delayem trimmin's. Elsie gets wise at wanst an' annexes Stevens, only to give him his sponge"—

"What d'ye mane—sponge?" Mrs. Grogan demanded.

"That's Frinch for givin' him the grand razoo, which manes that she kicked him out when she dishcovered that because her brother had stolen ivry cint the man had, he was nearly broke. Then Helen annexes Knolls Money, an' Elsie grabs him an' lades him to the halter. He promises to love, sarve an' pay her gamblin' debts forever afther, but finds it too much av a job; an' Elsie starts to make eyes at Martin Stevens, who by the aid av a little indushty an' not too much honesty has by this time become a millionaire an' Helen's finance. However, she overraches herself, an' just because she is too modest to mintion bare facts, so dressed them up gracefully, her sisther was mane enough to call her a liar for her throuble. So the poor, misundherstood Elsie goes back to her husband an' his



pocketbook, for—outside av a few dozen others—he is the only man she iver raly loved."

"I seen a grate play lasht night," declared Mrs. Grogan. "'Twas called 'Broken Chins,' got out by the 'Beerless-World' papple. Shure, I thot that the dear, dead days was back agin, an' I was a gyurl goin' wid Pat Grogan to see wan av me ould favorites."

"I seen Mary Picklefoot in 'The Pride av the Clane.' 'Tis a fine Scotch play an'"—

"H'm!" sniffed Mrs. Grogan. "To hear the Scotch talk, ye'd think they invinted the arth in wan day an' wint fishin' the other sivin."

"Well," admitted Mrs. Garrigan, "give the divil his due"—

"I'm willin'," Mrs. Grogan interrupted. "He kin have all the Scotch."

"Mrs. Grogan," flashed her friend angrily, "I'm thryin' to give ye inflammation, an' ye do be all the time a-corruptin' me!"

"Well, go on wid your story. I suppose 'tis all about Mrs. McGroorty, who washes her face twice a wake, winter an' summer, an' is always boastin' av the fact."

"It has nothin' to do wid Mrs. McGroorty," Mrs. Garrigan declared. "It's a swell play, wid the ladin' part mistook by Mary Picklefoot. She's the daughter av the chief av the clane an' loves the English as little as if she'd had the honor av bein' born in dear ould Ireland. Her father is drowned and at her father's death Marget becomes the head av the clane. Jamie Campbell thinks mebbe she will marry an Englishman, but she tells him av the law av the clane that none can iver marry anny av that hated name. So they become engaged, 'two soles widout a sirgle thot,' as the pote puts it. Marget is very proud av him, for he cud ate more peas wid his knife than anny other man cud wid a scoop. Jamie's mother gives him a letther to mail. Two months afther she asks him if he mailed it. He tells her he has, an' the shock kills her. Afther the funeral a Sassenach woman cooms to the island. She turns out to be his rale mother an' recognizes him to wanst, aven tho he hasn't the usual pickled strawberry mark on his lift shoulder. It seems that Mrs. Campbell was the Countess av Pillowsham's nurse an' ran away wid the barn, as thim misguided Scotch call all childher, not bein' able to use English, poor an' unrevised, as the sayin' is. Jamie doesn't dare to tell Marget av his relationship, so she gits jelous av the stranger an' thries to drown herself in the wet watter; but Jamie rescues her, an' she decides to marry him, aven if he is English, for a head of the clane has made the law, an' another can break it."



"Well," declared Mrs. Grogan, "I'm glad she did. I'm very broad-minded meself. I always said that an Englishman was as good as a white man—if he behaved himself."

Hands Up!



TRIANGLE-INCE

Some enterprising dentifrice company ought to get a couple of men who act with William S. Hart to help 'em advertise. There's nothing like biting the dust every so often to make one appreciate good tooth paste.



MUTUAL—"MUSTANG"

The outlaw took careful aim, and—zip!—down went another extra!



IMP

Charles Cummings is very efficient and finds no difficulty in tending to business and pleasure at the same time.



BALBOA

"Look out, woman! The darned thing might go off!" And the villain registers very real fear.



FOX

"I regret that I have only two lungs to give for my company!" shouted George Walsh heroically, lifting his arms high above his head to show his manly physique.

As Others See Them



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Gloria Swanson making sure that she has on something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue.



BALBOA

Ruth Roland knows that a girl can't be too particular how she looks, even when retiring—some burglars are quite nice looking.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Here's Bobbie Harron. Look out! Don't push him! He'll bite it off!



TRIANGLE-FINE-ARTS

"Nothing like practice," says Carmel Myers.



ARTCRAFT

Mary Pickford can't decide whether she likes him or not.

At Last! At Last!

The Fading Comets of the Moving Pictures

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH



CAMPBELL PHOTO.

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

A DIM light is breaking on the horizon, and each and every one of us who has the welfare of the motion picture at heart has cause to rejoice. The long-suffering public that has been uncomplainingly shelling out its pennies on wishy-washy motion picture stars, and not understanding, but wondering why it does not enjoy the "movies" as it used to, has cause to rejoice. The backbone of the insidious "star system" is creaking a bit. Let us hope it will break with a loud crash in the not too distant future—break and fall into shattered bits that can never be pieced together again.

No other profession and no other art since time began has had less intelligence applied to its development than the motion picture art. Of course, this applies more directly to the period since the star system became the vogue, four years ago.

Once a picture trade-mark had a meaning and value. Any exhibitor could pack his little theater every night in the week by placing outside it a sign reading, "Biograph Night." The public knew the quality of the stories it would see under that brand, and knew they would be well produced and well acted. There was a keen intelligence directing the policy of that one-time famous company—an

alert brain that knew stories, could write stories, and knew how absolutely necessary it was to have a story before you could have a good motion picture.

Then the business got side-tracked. One night, at a little theater on East Fourteenth Street, New York, an exhibitor, wanting to do "something different," placed outside his theater a sign saying, "Mary Pickford here to-night," and in just such an innocent way the whole messy business of "stars" began. Humans are much like sheep, but in no business is the resemblance closer than in the motion picture industry.

Then Adolph Zukor conceived the idea of showing Sarah Bernhardt in a film. All well and good! Bernhardt is the supreme dramatic genius of the age. We would not belittle her by calling her a "star," least of all "a motion picture star." A record of her work and living moving photographs of her should be shown and preserved for future exhibitions to generations yet to come. But before we knew what had happened, the public was being asked to accept as "stars" 'most any little graduate of the Ziegfeld Follies chorus. And for some years past the public, as a consequence, has had to sit and suffer in silence.

Stories by men of brains, even masterpieces of literature, have been distorted to fit the dramatic limitations of so-called "stars." Plays by our cleverest playwrights have suffered by the whims and incompetencies of those glittering orbs—the motion picture stars. Even acknowledgment of an author's work was begrudgingly given him. The name that stood for the big, creative brain, without which no star could ever so dimly twinkle, was printed in the smallest type on the program. The author counted for little, but some piffing personality, who was struggling to get away with an interpretation of one of the author's characters, had her name in large, heavy black type.

The genius who produced "The Birth of a Nation" did not need stars, and he never tortured a story to suit the fancy of any actor or actress. Through good motion picture stories he made "stars." Then a new firm rises mushroom-like from the ground. "Stars!" they say. "We'll have 'stars!' 'Stars!' Never mind about the stories—we'll fit stories to them; the public wants 'stars!'" One of the "stars" made by this generally accepted foremost producer of America was grabbed by one of these new firms some years ago, at a bigger salary than she had ever dreamed of getting. After doing for her all in their power they could do, they have let her go, saying her "box-office return" was not commensurate with her salary. In a few years she will peter out and be no more.

One of this same producer's young actresses is now being featured as a star without a rival. She will soon be seen in her new brand of pictures. With no one to coach her in every little gesture as in the past, without the discerning mind of a Griffith who would never make the mis-

(Continued in advertising section.)

Grow Younger as You Grow Older!

Younger in Body, Younger in Spirit, Younger in Ambition, Younger in Every Characteristic that Gives Greater Earning and Living Power, Greater Thought Power, Greater Pleasure-Obtaining Power and Greater Health-Promoting Power

THE number of years a man has lived does not tell how old or young he is. A man is as old or as young as his energy, his vitality, his capacity for work and play, his resisting power against disease and fatigue.

A man is only as old or as young as his memory power, will power, sustained-thought power, personality power, concentration power and brain power. He is only as old or as young as his digestive power, his heart power, his lung power, his kidney power, his liver power. Age is measured by the age of our cells, tissues and organs, and not by the calendar!

Cultivate the Cells

Everybody knows that the body and brain are made up of millions of tiny cells. We can be no younger than those cells are young. We can be no more efficient in any way than those cells are efficient. We can be no more energetic than the combined energy of those cells.

By conscious cultivation of these cells, it is as natural as the law of gravity that we become more efficient, more alive, more energetic, more ambitious, more enthusiastic, more youthful. By consciously developing the cells in our stomachs, we must improve our digestion. By consciously developing the cells in the heart, we must increase its strength in exact proportion. By consciously developing the brain cells, the result can only be multiplied brain power—and so with every organ in the body.

What we are and what we are capable of accomplishing depends entirely and absolutely on the degree of development of our cells. They are the sole controlling factors in us. We are only as young and as great and as powerful as they are.

There Is No Fraud Like Self-Deception

You may think you are young, strong, brainy, energetic, happy, yet when compared with other men or women, you are old, weak, dull, listless and unhappy. You do not know what you are capable of accomplishing because you have not begun to develop the real vital powers

within you. The truth is you are only a dwarf in health and mind when you can easily become a giant through conscious development of every cell, tissue and organ in your body and brain. By accelerating the development of the powers within you, you can actually become younger, as you grow older—yes, younger in every way that will contribute to your health, happiness and prosperity.

Conscious Evolution—the Secret

Swoboda proves that Conscious Evolution gives energy and vitality to spare, digestive power to spare, self-reliance to spare, and gives many other desirable characteristics to spare. He proves that Conscious Evolution makes people disease-proof, fatigue-proof. He maintains that to possess sufficient vitality and energy and to keep the body in normal health under the most favorable conditions is no more health prosperity than to have only enough money from day to day to meet current expenses. Great reserve health, great reserve energy is what we must acquire if we are to successfully nullify the ravages of time, and to easily overcome every adverse condition and thus enjoy the benefit of our health power and the advantage of our energy.

Beware of Health Poverty

As Swoboda says, "There are individuals who seek work only when their last cent is gone. Likewise, individuals live from minute to minute and from day to day, seeking health and energy only as they need them badly."

Conscious Evolution is for them—for everyone. It is a simple scientific and practical system by means of which every part of the brain and body is energized, strengthened, awakened, so that we become possessed of a super health and mentality—the Swoboda kind of health and mentality. Conscious Evolution makes for good fortune by developing the resources and the ability and power of personality.

Strange as it may seem, this revolutionary method of consciously awakening and developing weakened and lifeless cells requires no drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. It does not require dieting, deep breathing, excessive exercising, cold baths, electricity or massage. It takes only a few minutes a day, yet so startling is the effect of Swoboda's system that you begin to feel younger, renewed, revitalized, re-energized after the first day.

AN AMAZING BOOK FOR YOU

Swoboda has published for distribution a remarkable book which explains his system of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for this book—not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 200,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, including Chas. E. Hughes, Rockefeller, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Armours, the Cudadys, the Swifts—but write for the book because it means so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and resisting power. It is a big book filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of perfection in body and mind that you so much desire. It exposes the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development.


Regardless of how you may feel, of how efficient you may think you are—regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself—regardless of how happy, how contented you may pride yourself on being—regardless of how healthy, wealthy or successful you may be, you cannot afford, in justice to yourself, to miss the interesting and instructive secrets explained for the first time in this startling new book.

A mere reading of "Conscious Evolution" will so fill you with enthusiasm and ambition, that you will not rest until you have yourself acquired the Swoboda kind of health and energy by cultivating and revitalizing intensely every cell, tissue and organ in your own system. Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter or a postal card and mail it today. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say "I'll do it later," but to send NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, the book is absolutely free for you to keep—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW. Address

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CREATOR OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION



Swoboda

**A
REMARKABLE
PERSONALITY**

Swoboda, himself, is perhaps the most perfect example of what Conscious Evolution can accomplish. As Swoboda gains in years, he grows younger in enthusiasm, younger in vitality, younger in health; he is becoming stronger, more energetic, more confident, more dominant and more alive by capitalizing his creative powers through Conscious Evolution. What Swoboda is accomplishing for himself, you too can accomplish—every individual can accomplish, for every individual is governed by the same laws and principles, and every individual has it within himself to make use of these laws and principles. Swoboda's mind and body are so alert and so active that in his presence one feels completely overpowered. His personality dominates everything with which it comes in contact; yet Swoboda is real!—there is absolutely nothing mysterious about him. He knows not what fatigue is—he is a tireless worker. He delights in making sick people well and weak people strong. He loves his work because he feels he is of benefit to humanity—making a better, more vital, more potent race of men and women.

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7,000 in Boston
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800 in Cleveland
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2,000 in Los Angeles
1,000 in Washington, D. C.
25,000 in England
162,000 in other places
262,000 Men and Women

Conscious Evolution has followers all over the world, in all countries of the globe. Swoboda has followers in the Fiji Islands, in Java, in New Zealand, in Australia, in the Philippines, in China, in Japan, in Brazil, in Argentina, in Bolivia, and in all of the Southern and Central American countries as well as in Canada and Mexico.

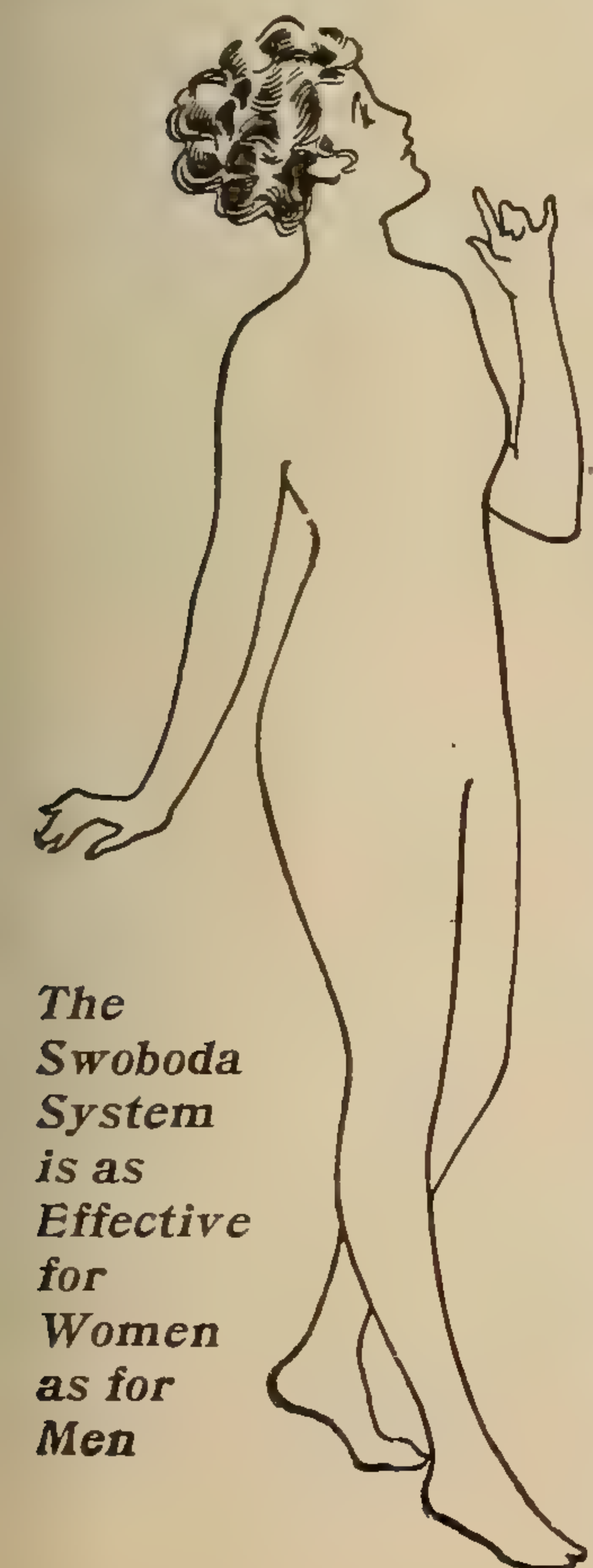
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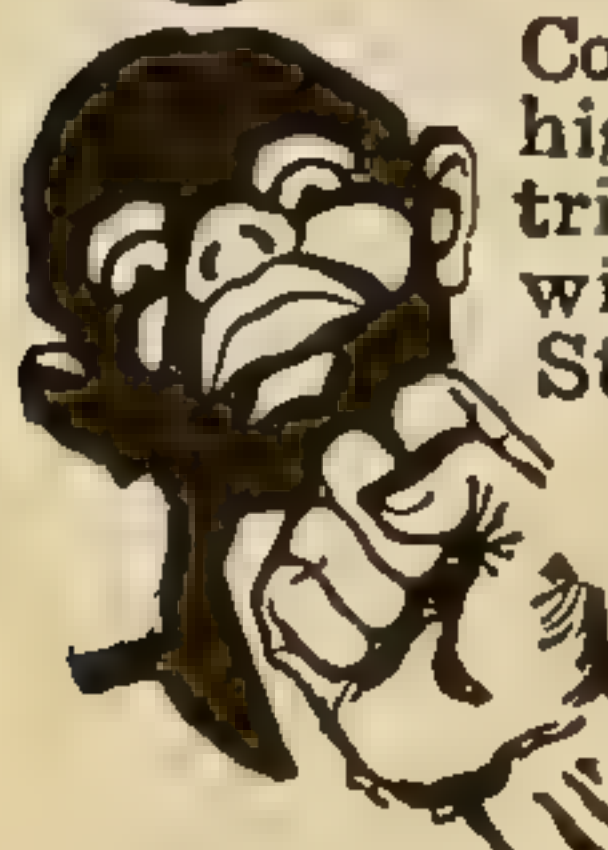
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At Last!

(Continued)

take of miscasting her, her future under the new regime will be interesting to watch.

Honor where honor is due, so at the feet of that unique triumvirate—Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks—we place our tributes, for they have survived even without good stories. To-day even the peerless Mary is beginning to realize she cannot go on much longer without a story, and she is soon to shine forth in Eleanor Gates's play, "A Poor Little Rich Girl," which both as book and play has been read and seen and loved by the American public. She is also to be seen in Kate Douglas Wiggin's delightful story, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

The Triangle (Fine Arts Brand) is producing pictures at the Eastern Studio in Yonkers—but *there are to be no stars*. William Sherrill has given us "The Witching Hour," a beautiful production of Augustus Thomas's play, *with no star*. The policy of the Frohman Amusement Company is to spend the money on the production and not all on the one actor. There is a Rex Beach Corporation for the production of the Beach stories, and there will be *no stars* there. Rex Beach, the author, is the featured one. A company is now under way to visualize on the screen the novels of David Graham Phillips—*no stars*—and the name of David Graham Phillips is to come first. And we already have Winston Churchill's "The Crisis"—no star featured.

And so, as all things work out right in the end, the motion picture actors and actresses who have conscientiously given their interest and devotion to the study of the motion picture art will come again into the place to which they rightfully belong. Because they had never appeared in a dramatic production in a theater on New York's Broadway or in the Forties adjacent thereto, and so could not ask a million dollars a minute for their services, is the only reason they were shoved to the wall.

The salvation of the motion picture industry now, in the most critical moment of its history, lies in the breaking down of the star system. The crying need is good stories. There are numbers of clever, competent actors to portray the parts—competent actors

At Last!

that the public will take to its heart if only they are given the chance. Then the producer and exhibitor will not flounder on the rocks and "go broke" endeavoring to pay the star's exorbitant and ridiculous salary.

Producers must come to realize the tremendous part an author plays in the making of a good motion picture. Commensurate remuneration, acknowledgment and rightful prestige must be given the author!

The motion picture has been for some years and still is the cleanest, most wholesome and inexpensive pastime for the masses and a very pleasant entertainment for the leisure classes. But the motion picture story must begin to be more than a vehicle for the exploitation of the fair charms of a would-be actress, if the motion picture itself is to be classified (as it has every qualification to be) as one of the greatest of the arts since time began.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Marguerite Clark essays Pierrot in "The Fortunes of Fifi," the tale of a tiny French actress—an adaptation of the play from the pen of the late Molly Elliot Seawell.

On His Way

The scene showed a tipsy man staggering down the street toward a cemetery.

"Goodness me!" remarked Mrs. Huff to her husband. "That man looks as if he was on the way to a drunkard's grave."

"Well," he replied, "he seems to be staggering in the right direction."

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THE CHILD'S APPEAL



"There can be no Beautiful, Healthy Rosy Cheeked women without Iron."

F. KING, M. D.

"There can be no healthy, beautiful, rosy cheeked women without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York physician and author. "In my recent talks to physicians on the grave and serious consequences of iron deficiency in the blood of American women, I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—nuxated iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard looking women patients. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of anaemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks."

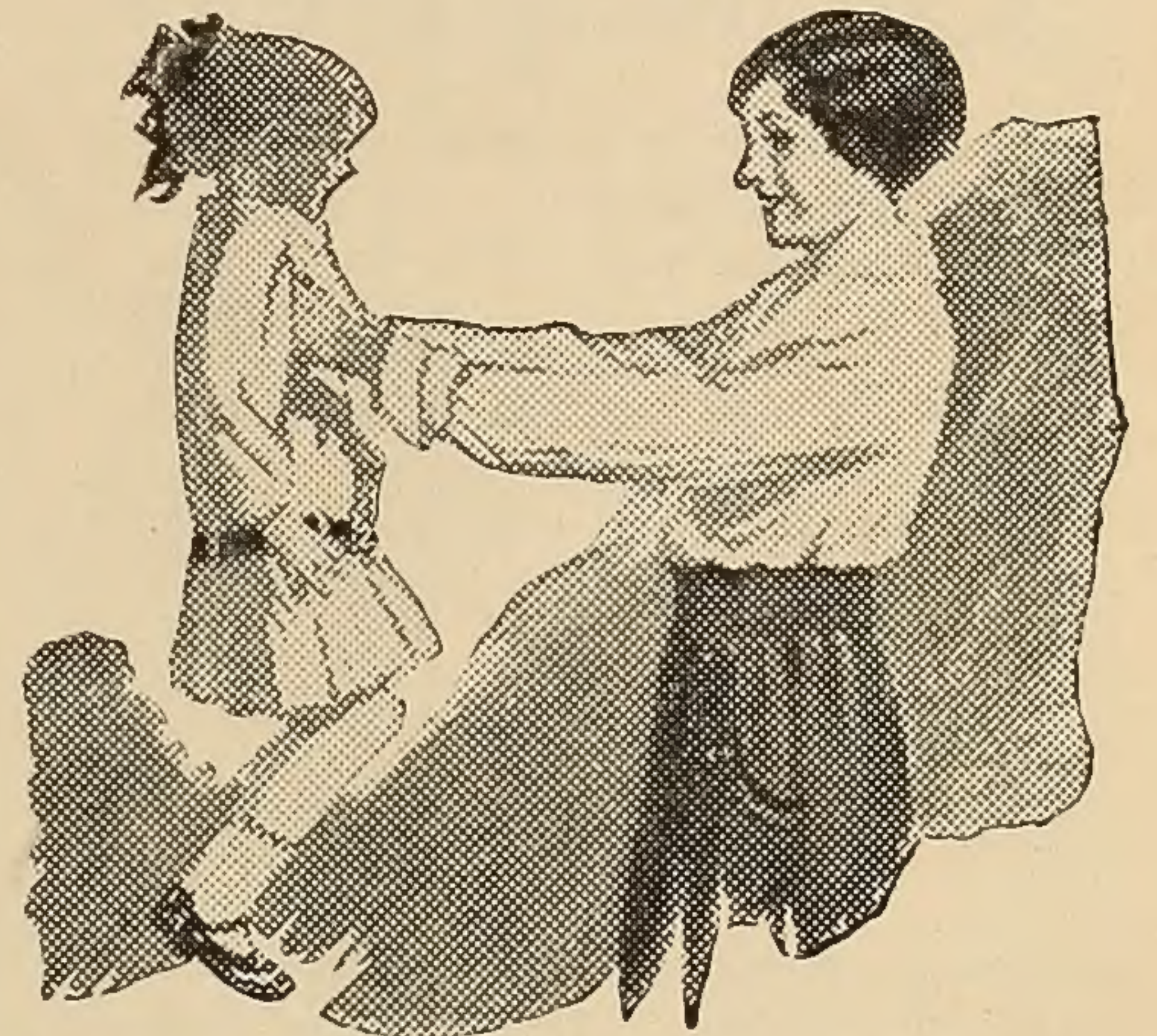
"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degenerated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked are responsible for another grave iron loss."

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

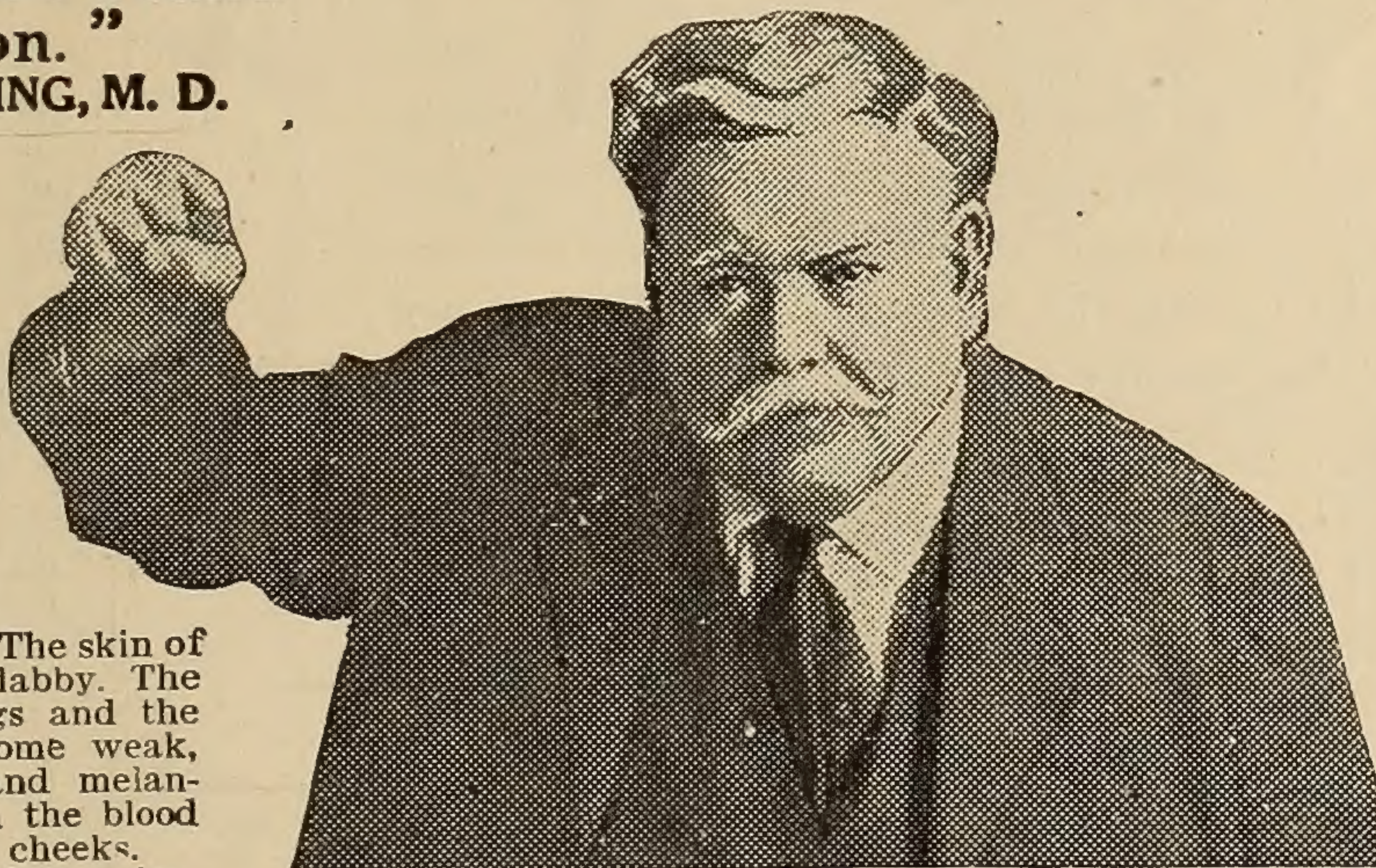
"As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away habit forming drugs and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of people might be saved, who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver, heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood."

"On account of the peculiar nature of woman, and the great drain placed upon her at certain periods, she requires iron much more than man to help make up for the loss."

"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next, take two five grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again, and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a



You can tell the women with plenty of iron in their blood—beautiful healthy rosy cheeked women full of Life, Vim and Vitality



Dr. Ferdinand King, New York physician and author, tells physicians that they should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their patients—Says anaemia—iron deficiency—is the greatest curse to the health, strength, vitality and beauty of the modern American Woman.—Sounds warning against

use of metallic iron which may injure the teeth, corrode the stomach and do far more harm than good; advises use of only nuxated iron.

form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe aggravated conditions with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder.

"Many an athlete and prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Howard James, late of the United States Public Health Service, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But so many American women suffer from iron deficiency with its attendant ills—physical weakness, nervous irritability, melancholy, indigestion, flabby, sagging muscles, etc.—and in consequence of their weakened run-down condition they are so liable to contract serious and even fatal diseases that I deem it my duty to advise all such to take Nuxated Iron. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine or secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 200 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



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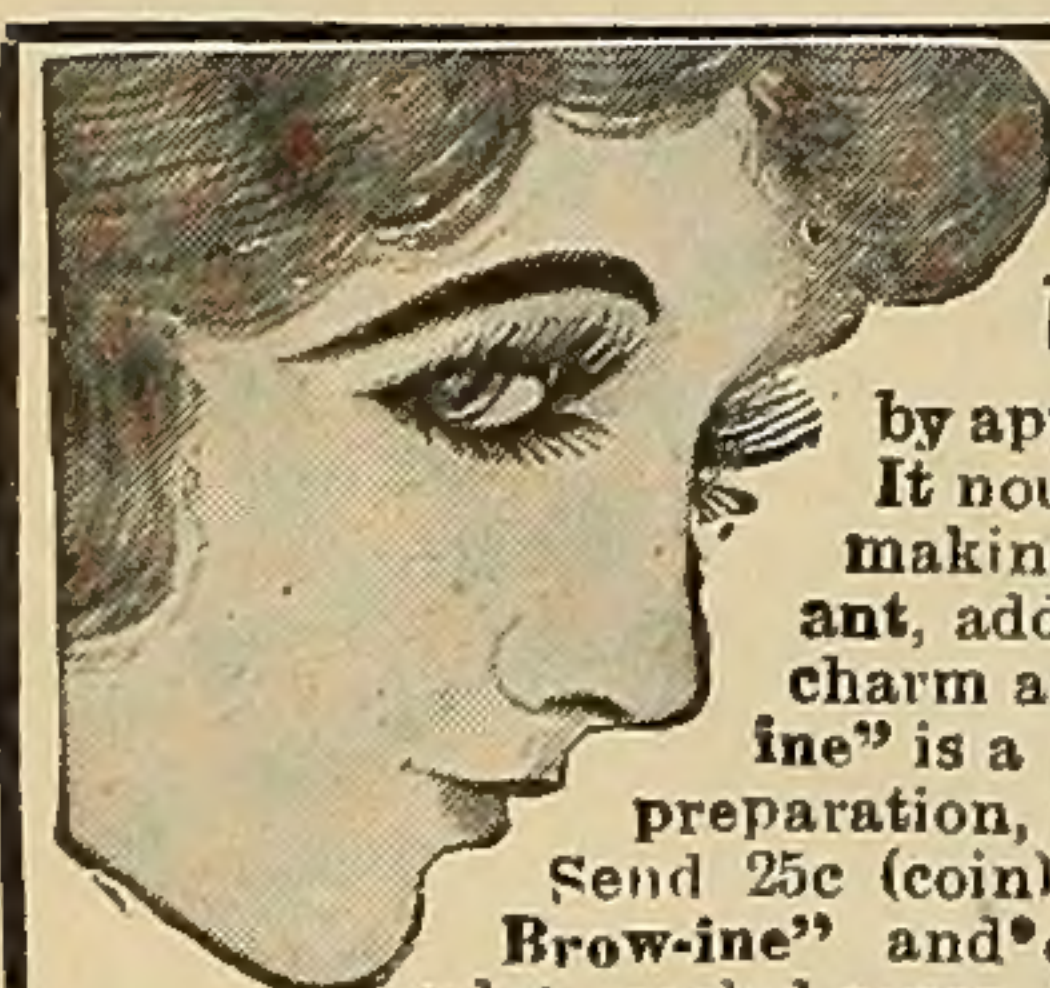


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OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

The girl on the cover needs no explanation. She is Mabel Normand, up to this date without an equal as a screen comedienne.

We are new readers of FILM FUN, and we think it is the best magazine yet. We admire your stand on the conditions in the motion picture studios, and some of your articles are read for study and discussion in our Study Club. We enjoy them very much, and we hope you will keep them up. Mrs. A. D. H., Omaha, Neb.

Would you kindly inform me if Clara Kimball Young is or has been married and would a communication reach her if addressed to Selznick Studios? J. M.

Clara Kimball Young was married to James Young, well known in both the stage and screen world. She was divorced from him last year. A letter will find her at the Selznick Studio.

Will you please tell me just what pay a girl would expect if she went into the pictures as an extra? Do they pay by the week or by the month? Screen Crazy.

An extra is paid anywhere from \$2.50 to \$5.00 a day, according to the nature of the part played. The extras are paid off every night, but the stars may wait a week and get their money all in a lump.

I am anxiously awaiting the next number of FILM FUN, to read the next installment of "Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress." It is proving a very interesting story, and even more interesting to the players than to the general public. Goodness knows that a lot of us could make confessions that would open the eyes of the public to the fact that a motion picture player's life is not all sunshine and roses. Screen Actress.

I take FILM FUN and *Photo Play*, in order to get a line on the best in the picture world. I would not be without either of these two magazines. I read them thoroughly and know just what is going on in the picture business, and get an idea as to how these pictures are going to look on the screen and how they will be taken by the audience. Here is one New York exhibitor who wants to help along the work of cleaning up the pictures. It pays. There

is more money in clean pictures than in the rotten ones, and a man has the satisfaction of knowing that his house has a good reputation. B. J. S., New York.

Perhaps you might like to know how much my children like FILM FUN. The oldest one took it to school the other day, and when his teacher saw him giggling over it in school hours, she very properly took it away from him. When school was over and he asked her for it, he found her poring over it herself, and when she handed it back, she smiled and told him she did not blame him so much for being interested in it, for it was a nice little magazine and she was going to buy one for herself. A Booster for FILM FUN.

Perhaps this column may be the proper place for the complaint of an exhibitor. I am the exhibitor. We get plenty of kicks, but not often an opportunity to air our grievances. I have a picture house in a good, live little town. I want to put on the best pictures I can get. I believe that the town will support the best plays. I see these club women are kicking because there are no good children's programs. It is almost entirely the fault of the women. I wrote to each of the presidents of the four clubs in our town, to ask them for suggestions for the pictures they wanted. I told them I would try to get them anything they asked for. *I did not receive a single answer!* So don't blame the exhibitor too much. He is doing the best he can and too often without support from the very ones who are the first to condemn him. New Jersey Exhibitor.

I certainly do enjoy reading FILM FUN. It is a fine little magazine, and we could not do without it. I get it every month at the news-stand and never miss a word in it from cover to cover. You ask for favorites for the cover page. Mine are Ruth Roland, Henry King, Francis Ford, Grace Cunard and Kathlyn Williams. Can you tell me the name of Mary Fuller's latest play? What company is Paul Panzer with? Does Margaret Gibson play for Fox? J. S. D., Trenton, Tex.

We hope to put some of your favorites on the cover page soon. You can obtain prints of any of the full-page photographs in FILM FUN, large size, mounted for framing, for ten cents, for postage and packing. Mary Fuller is playing leads with Lou-Tellegen for the Lasky Company. Her latest picture at this time is "The Long Trail." Margaret Gibson was recently with the Horsley Company, in California. Paul Panzer has just finished a series of pictures with the Monmouth Picture Corporation.

Miss Dorothy Gish of the Triangle Films is one of the beauties of the modern photo play who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

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Photo by HARTSOOK

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